

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," &c., AND BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," &c.

No. 182.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1835.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## SETS.

IN visiting the houses of friends, whether at noon or dewy eve, whether by general or particular invitation, the repetition of the same company is an almost unfailling subject of remark. At each particular house you are sure to meet individuals whom you never see any where else, and who, from *their* being always there when you happen to be there, you would suppose to be constant inmates of the establishment, if a little reflection did not inform you, that, from *your* being always there when *they* are there, they must be apt to make the very same remark respecting yourself. Are you a youth not yet disentangled from albums, kid gloves, and quadrilles, and occasionally asked to hand kettles and cake, to be followed up by a dance, at the house of your good kind friends the Thomsons?—there do you for certain meet the Mister Blairs, and the Miss Oliphants, and cheerful old uncle John, and worthy Mrs Somerville, who never tires of playing the piano to the young people. Are you a solid bachelor, and occasionally help to demolish a "jigot" at your friend Beatson's?—there for certain do you find his dull "confessor" Andrews, a fellow who has no recommendation in your eyes besides that of an appearance of good humour, and to whom accordingly you are surprised to find Beatson so much devoted. Are you a married man, and go out with your lady to perform at the solemn dinner-parties of your friends?—with the Smiths are you not sure to find the Smithsons?—at the Clerks', don't you for ever meet the Beauchers?—with the Kirks, don't you invariably encounter the Kirkhams and the Kirkmans? Nay, with hardly an exception, is not the company now assembled just the same as it was last year, and the year before, and all the previous years, ever since you began to take parts in the ceremonial?

This system, however irksome and ridiculous, may be in some measure a necessary result of circumstances with which no fault can be found; but it is associated in our mind with one of the most unfortunate peculiarities of the present state of society. Our world, it would appear, little as it looks when compared with the innumerable masses pervading space, is so big in respect of the human faculties, that single minds are unable to grasp it. We have therefore had to break it down into districts, each of which is peopled by a peculiar race, very anxious for its own interest, and considerably disposed to fall by the ears with its neighbours on questions of honour and profit. Nations again are in some cases subdivided into what are called "Interests," all of which are alike set upon their own exclusive advantage; or into Ranks, which perhaps confine themselves to a hearty contempt for each other; or into Sects or Factions, which indulge in presuming of each other all the evil they can respectively imagine. But even this extent of dividing and subdividing does not satisfy mankind. National sympathies, party sympathies, and commercial sympathies, are all of them a world too wide for the hearts of most men, as hearts are at present constituted; and a necessity has been found for still narrower circles, in which to indulge our sentiments of attachment and benevolence. We accordingly concrete into *Sets*—little parcels of people; bounded by locality, age, equality of condition, community of opinion on some leading subject, or by all of these together. Society, thus composed, may be likened to that curious chain of eccentric and converging circles which we sometimes see running round the cornices of a room. Each has some point of adhesion to its neighbour, but for the most part stands distinct from the rest. The metropolitan fashionable world, which, like a nebula in the heavens, appears to inferior eyes as a homogene-

ous substance, is divided into many sets, which a nearer view detaches from each other, and shows to be in a state of constant hostility and mutual reproach. The consciousness of belonging to one set, which is closed to other men and women, the fretting desire of stepping up into a higher, and the contempt which is unavoidably felt for all which are lower, constitute much of the sentimental pleasures and pains of those classes who have had what is called the best education, and are blessed by fortune with the largest means of refining their own natures, and aiding in the improvement of their kind. A member of a London set or club has a specific idea of the existence of the few hundreds of individuals who belong to it and to its superiors; but all the rest of the world is to him no better than the inhabitants of unknown countries were to the early geographers. Amidst this wilderness of low and selfish feeling, a late foreign philosopher of high moral temperament, who had visited it for the first time, was asked how he felt: the emphatic answer was—"In solitude." Throughout every other department of society, we find, if not the same unworthy pursuits, at least the same concentration of sympathies. Instead of that cosmopolitan spirit, which esteems all mankind as one family, and is as much concerned for the happiness of the negroes of Guinea as for that of the most kindred races, the generality of men seem to act upon the principle of extending their sympathies as little way beyond themselves as possible. They cannot help loving their children; they find it convenient to have at least two or three friends, and to belong to a set; but they suffer not a particle of their affections to extend beyond the line at which it would cease to minister directly to their own pleasure.

We sometimes amuse ourselves by tracing the operation of sets in the literary world. Two or three authors, of high merit, and perhaps little connected with political parties, have the good fortune to be noticed and praised by all; but for the great majority, including no small portion of the talent of the country, there is no panegyric, perhaps not even notice, from any except the party or set to which they belong. These, however, give it so liberally, that, if density could in all cases make up for want of extent, there would be little cause of complaint. Almost every periodical work which admits of criticisms, has its favourites, whom it is always extolling, or at least alluding to; while others, the favourites of rival or different works, are almost entirely overlooked. The fact generally is, that the persons frequently praised are either contributors to the work, or in some other way fall peculiarly under the view of the editor or chief writers. It is not merit which decides the matter: no work can possibly keep the merits of all the meritorious at its finger-ends: accident comes in to decide a choice—personal friendship, connection in literary labour, or the local importance of the individual—and the result is, that, if a stranger to British literature were to take up any one of our critical or other periodicals, he would assume, as our chiefs, persons whom the British public perhaps regards as only a few non-commissioned officers. The class of merit which chiefly experiences the partialities of the system, is that which may be said to rank second or third in public esteem, embracing a vast number of useful and even in some degree brilliant writers. Such persons become almost necessarily the protégés of certain sets, and are just as carefully neglected by others. They may find themselves basking under a constant sunshine of praise in one direction, while in another and perhaps inferior quarter they might as reasonably hope to become princes and peers, as to meet a single straggling ray of favour.

This partiality in the distribution of our affections is certainly liable to some degree of correction. It may be said that the concentration and even selfishness of love is natural, and that any effort to produce a different effect would therefore be vain. But just as surely is it consistent with nature to spread abroad, as to limit our affections. All that is required for this purpose is a more effectual training of the sentiment of benevolence, and mental power and light to see the far-extending and ultimately profitable consequences of diffusive kindness. Early education, unfortunately, reconciles the most of us to the details of atrocious wars, swears us like Hannibal into the most criminal national antipathies, and trains us to look upon an immense portion of our fellow-creatures as so lost in speculative error as not only to be beyond the pale of all sympathy, but to be worthy of unrelenting hatred and contempt. In advanced years, we come into a sphere where we find all these ruthless partialities in full operation, and even held up by poets and legislators as the themes of highest praise, and the means by which all good is to be attained. How, under such circumstances, can we expect men to be generally inspired by other feelings than those of malice, hatred, and uncharitableness? Let the cause, however, cease, and then we shall see whether man is for ever to be what we have described him. Already, we can perceive, he is beginning to be convinced of the besotting and impoverishing effects of war. Already he begins to doubt the absolute necessity of his cherishing an antipathy against neighbouring nations. Already he suspects that force and hate are not the best means of bringing those whom he supposes to be in error within the brotherly pale of his own opinions, or of inducing them to co-operate for common advantage. Surely, if the people have acquired these views, not only without the aid of education, but in despite of it, a different kind of teaching could not fail materially to accelerate the desired end. That such will in time be universally established, and that mankind will, under its influence, become but one large and affectionate family, is therefore not only our wish and hope, but our confident expectation.

## CANALS IN THE UNITED STATES.

[A work, entitled "A Statistical View of the United States, by Timothy Pitkin" (1 vol. 8vo., Newhaven, Connecticut, 1835), has just been sent to us from America; and with the view of presenting our readers with some correct information on an extremely interesting subject, namely, the extent to which the establishment of canals and inland navigation has been carried in the United States, we have condensed the elaborate details of the author on that important statistical topic into the following article:—]

THE internal improvement of the United States, by means of canals and railways, has, since 1815, advanced with a rapidity surpassing that of any other nation. Most of the canals on the continent of Europe have been constructed at the expense of governments—in England, chiefly at the expense of individuals or joint stock companies—and in the United States they have been made by states and by individuals. In establishing canals in the States, two principal objects have been kept in view—one to make a safer water inland communication along the Atlantic border, in case of a war with any nation whose maritime force might exceed that of the States; another and very important object has been to connect the waters of the west with those of the east, and thereby facilitate the intercourse between these two distant sections of the country.

The western country, as it is called, includes the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, the territory of Michigan, and the portions of Pennsylvania and Virginia, which lie beyond the Alleghany Mountains. In 1790, the whole population of this country was only 237,000, and in 1830 it had increased to 3,264,000; at present it is calculated to be between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000.

This population extends over a vast region, unrivalled in the extent and magnitude of its navigable waters (the principal of which is the Mississippi), as well as the fertility of its soil. The exports of the surplus produce of the western country consist of cotton, tobacco, flour, wheat, pork, beef, hams, live cattle, iron, glass, candles, beer, whisky, cordage, bagging, and many other commodities. An idea of the amount of these exports may be gathered, when we mention, that, in 1832, those of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio, were to the value of nearly D.22,000,000 (*dollars*). (The exports of the town of Cincinnati alone, in 1833, were valued at D.5,000,000.) Altogether, the value of the exports of the western country was, in 1834, computed to be from D.28,000,000 to D.30,000,000; being one-half more than the whole exports of the United States in 1790. In order to give facilities to the export of this growing surplus of produce, and to offer a channel for the introduction of foreign luxuries in return, as well as for the accommodation of travellers, steam-boats have been placed on the navigable rivers, and canals and railways opened. The number of steam-boats on the Mississippi, Ohio, and other western rivers, on the 1st of January 1834, was 230, measuring 39,000 tons. Of these vessels, there were seven plying between Nashville and New Orleans, four between Florence and New Orleans, four in the St. Louis trade, seven in the cotton trade, 57 not in established trades, and 120 in miscellaneous traffic. The number of flat bottom and keel boats has been calculated at 4000, with a burden of 160,000 tons. In the autumn of 1834, the number of steam-boats on Lake Erie was 31, whose average tonnage was about 343 tons each; the number of schooners 234, averaging 80 tons each; and three brigs, with an average tonnage of 215—making the whole tonnage of the west, exclusive of that of canal-boats, about 230,000. On the Mississippi, and twenty-two of its tributary streams, more than 8000 miles are traversed by boats propelled by steam.

Pennsylvania, it is believed, first formed and commenced a plan for uniting the western and eastern waters, by an inland water communication; but it failed in its object, and the first completion of a canal was accomplished by the state of New York. This successful undertaking was that of the great Erie Canal, connecting the Hudson River with Lake Erie. This is the longest canal in the world, and, for one of its dimensions, constructed in the shortest period. No canal in China, unconnected with rivers, it is believed, is of equal extent. That of Languedoc in France is only 148 miles long, and was fourteen years in forming; while the Erie Canal is, in length, 368 miles, and was constructed in about eight years. The width of the canal at the surface of the water is forty, and at the bottom twenty-eight feet, with a depth of four feet; the number of locks is eighty-four, and the rise and fall is estimated at 698 feet. This extensive artificial line of water communication was completed in 1825, at an expense of D.9,027,456. Gouverneur Morris was its projector, and the merit of its execution is due to De Witt Clinton, who, in conjunction with his able and patriotic colleagues, persevered against a powerful opposition arising from party politics as well as from prejudice and ignorance. Its success as a commercial undertaking has been as extraordinary as its public utility has been conspicuous: in 1833, it yielded a toll duty of D.1,290,136. The value of the produce it carried from the interior during the same year, amounted to D.13,000,000, or about a fifth part of the total exports of the States: of barrels of flour alone, the number brought down was 923,261, and of bushels of wheat 921,507. The tons of merchandise, &c. which went up the canal and its tributary canals, was about 107,000. If the reader should not be surprised at the extent and value of the internal commerce which these facts disclose, we think he cannot fail to be so, when he is informed, that the actual number of boats on these canals is 2328, giving employment to about 11,000 men and boys; being but little less than one-sixth of the whole number employed in the foreign and coasting trade of the United States in 1830. Of the immense quantity of inland produce now brought down by these canals, it is reckoned, that but for such channels of communication, extremely little would have been raised or prepared for market. This extensive water communication has placed farms in the western country nearly upon an equality with those of the east, in the vicinity of the great market towns and cities. Indeed, it has created large towns and cities at the west, along its

borders: the population of Albany rose from 15,000 to 24,000, Utica from 5000 to 8000, and Rochester from 5000 to 9000, betwixt 1825 and 1830, while that of Buffalo, from 1825 to 1834, rose from 2600 to 12,500. Such are a few of the wonderful results of this stupendous undertaking.

Other canals of minor importance have also been constructed at the expense of the state. These are the Oswego Canal, extending from Salina to Lake Ontario, connecting that lake with Lake Erie, a distance of 38 miles; expense D.525,115. Cayuga and Seneca Canal, from Geneva on the Seneca Lake, to Montezuma on the Erie Canal, a distance of 20 miles; expense D.214,000. Chemung Canal, from the head waters of the Seneca Lake to Tioga Point, 18 miles, with a feeder of 18 miles, making together 36 miles; expense D.335,849. Crooked Lake Canal, from the lake of that name to Seneca Lake, 7 miles; expense D.136,101. The Erie and Champlain Canals, with navigable feeders, 8 miles. And the Chenango Canal, extending from Utica to Binghamton, a distance of about 80 miles, to be finished in 1836, at an expense of D.1,800,000. In 1823, the legislature of the state of New York incorporated a private company to construct a canal from the Hudson to the Delaware, to be connected with a canal and railroad in Pennsylvania to the coal mines in Luzerne county. Including 16 miles of railroad, the whole line of this extensive undertaking proceeds a distance of 125 miles, and the expense of its construction was D.2,305,599. It was finished in 1828. Its principal object is the supplying of New York with coal from the rich coal fields of Pennsylvania. In 1833, the quantity of coals brought down by it was 111,777 tons. The state at present contemplates a ship canal round the Falls of Niagara, and also from Oswego to Utica. It may be known that there is already a ship canal, called the Welland Canal, round these falls, but it is on the British side. This canal joins Lakes Erie and Ontario, and has been among the most successful speculations within the Canadian boundary. Up till January 1835, it cost L.411,079, and its tolls in 1834 amounted to L.4300. To show its utility, we have only to mention, that during 1834 there passed through it 570 schooners, 334 boats and scows, and 66 rafts, the amount of tonnage being 37,917. Among the articles transported on this canal, for the first time in 1834, was 400 tons of coal for Upper Canada.

The great and successful exertions of the state of New York, in order to secure the trade of the west, at last aroused the attention of Pennsylvania again, to the same subject. In 1825, a convention was held at Harrisburgh, for the purpose of taking into consideration the general subject of internal improvements. An extensive system of internal communication, either by canals or railroads, and so as to accommodate and benefit almost every section of the state, was agreed upon, and afterwards adopted by the state legislature. In 1826, the excavation commenced of one of the most extensive lines of inland communication ever undertaken by any country. This was no less than the connection of the river Delaware with Lake Erie, by way of Pittsburgh. The line consists of a railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia, on the Susquehanna; from thence by a canal to the mouth of the Juniata, and up that river to Hollidaysburgh, at the eastern base of the Alleghany Mountains, a distance of 171 miles—thence by a railroad across the Alleghany, 36 miles to Johnstown, on the river Conemaugh, and from Johnstown, at the western base of the Alleghany, by several rivers, to Pittsburgh, 105 miles; making the distance from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh 394 miles. Leaving Pittsburgh, the line consists of the Ohio River, downwards a distance of 28 miles, to the Big Beaver, then up this river to Newcastle, 24 miles; thence, by the summit of Conneaut Lake, to the town of Erie, on Lake Erie, about 78 miles: making the whole distance from Philadelphia to Lake Erie, by this route, 524 miles, of which 118 is by railroads. This grand line of communication has produced subsidiary lines or branches, which shoot off to particular places on the way. The names of these minor canals we do not know: there is one 9½ miles long, another 26½, a third 22½, and a fourth 69½. Altogether, since 1826, Pennsylvania has established 601 miles of canals, and 118½ miles of railroad, at an expense of D.20,142,726. The whole distance from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh was not opened for transportation till 1834, during which year there was yielded a toll duty of D.323,535. To give an idea of the traffic carried on both up and down, it may be stated, that, in 1834, 38,000 tons of merchandise were carried up, and there were brought down 132,822 barrels of flour, 193,240 bushels of

wheat, 147,766 bushels of corn, 507,374 lbs. of butter and cheese, 10,428 lbs. of beef and pork, 200,508 lbs. of lard and tallow, 351,212 bushels of salt (made at salt springs in the interior), 4,017,362 lbs. of provisions, 2,411,969 lbs. of wool, 217,255 lbs. of cotton, 646,460 gallons of whisky, 8,667,412 lbs. of tobacco, 17,681,540 lbs. of iron (Pittsburgh being an iron district), 291,281 feet of timber, and 4,403,443 feet of sawed deals or lumber, besides other commodities.

Pennsylvania now possesses several canals of lesser note: the principal are the Union Canal, connecting the Schuylkill and the Susquehanna, a distance of 80 miles; and the Lehigh Canal, extending from Easton on the Delaware, to the celebrated coal mines at Mauch Chunk, a distance of 46 miles. The whole extent of canal navigation in this state in 1834 was estimated at 861 miles, and the cost of the same at D.23,000,000. The transportation of coal has been a primary object with most of the companies; 592,210 tons of this material were dug and brought to market in 1833. The coal fields of Pennsylvania may be termed inexhaustible, for it is ascertained that they embrace an area of 21,000 square miles, or 13,400,000 acres.

In New Jersey, the Morris Canal was completed in 1831, extending from the Delaware to Newark, 90 miles, at an expense of D.2,000,000. During the year 1834 the Delaware and Raritan Rivers have been connected by a canal, extending 30 miles; it is calculated for sloop navigation, and cost about D.2,500,000. The Delaware is likewise now connected with the Chesapeake, by a canal for sloop navigation, of about 16 miles in length; expense, D.2,201,864. In 1828, a grand canal, extending a length of 341 miles, from the tide waters on the Potomac to Pittsburgh, was commenced; in 1834, it had proceeded a distance of 109 miles, at an expense of D.3,707,262. The funds of the company have been exhausted before the canal has reached the extensive coal and iron region, situated on or near the sources of the Potomac, and from which, principally, the revenues of the canal are to be expected. There can be little doubt that capital will soon be found to complete this useful line of communication.

In passing south, we next meet with the Dismal Swamp Canal, connecting the waters of the Chesapeake with those of Albemarle Sound, extending from Norfolk in Virginia into North Carolina, a distance of 28 miles. The expense of this canal up to the close of 1833 was D.700,000, and in that year the tolls amounted to D.33,290. Cotton, timber, tobacco, corn, bacon, and flour, were the chief articles of transport. In Virginia, a number of canals and short cuts have been made to improve navigation. The greatest improvement has been made in James' River, at and above the city of Richmond, called the James' River Canal, comprising a distance of from 30 to 40 miles. The tolls which were yielded by this canal in its different sections, in 1833, amounted to fully D.97,000. In South Carolina, the Santee and Cooper Rivers have been united by a canal of 22 miles in length, at an expense of D.650,667. In Georgia, the Savannah, Ogeechee, and Altamaha Canal, has been completed, being in length 66 miles.

The spirit of canal and railroad improvements has crossed the Alleghany, and the canals of the state of Ohio may well claim the attention of the economist, as well as the traveller. Nearly 400 miles of artificial inland navigation have been completed through a country, which, little more than forty years ago, was a perfect wilderness. The Ohio Canal unites Lake Erie with the Ohio River, extending from Cleveland to Portsmouth, and, including its feeder, is 324 miles in length: it is by this canal that Upper Canada sends its emigrants down into the valley of the Mississippi, to the states of Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana, &c. The Miami Canal, situate in the western part of the state of Ohio, extends from the town of Dayton to Cincinnati, a distance of about 65 miles, and has been connected with the River Ohio. A canal has lately been authorised, and is already commenced, beginning on the Ohio Canal at Bolivar, to meet the great Pennsylvania Canal about 30 miles below Pittsburgh, a distance of 76 miles. Among the canals at the west, that round the Falls of the Ohio, called "Louisville and Portland Canal," though only about two miles in length, ought not to pass unnoticed. It is calculated to admit the passage of the largest steam-boats on the western waters, and cost D.940,000. In 1833, 875 steam-boats, and 710 flats and keel boats, passed through it, having an aggregate burden of 169,885 tons; the tolls in the same year amounted to D.60,736.

It would be impossible to present an account of the lesser canals in various parts of the Union, as they are very numerous, and have been established for local purposes, chiefly with the view of connecting rivers and rounding shoals and falls. "From the best estimate we have been able to make (says Mr Pitkin) the number of miles of canal in the United States, completed on the 1st of January 1835, and which would not be long in being completed, is about 2867, and their cost about D.64,573,099. This expenditure for canals has been made principally within the last fifteen years. The whole amount expended for canals, in Great Britain and Ireland, from 1760 till 1824, a period of sixty-four years (and little has been expended for canals since), has been estimated at L.31,000,000 or D.148,800,000; and the number of miles of canal constructed, during the same period, was also estimated to be 2750;" in other words, the canals of Britain have, proportionally, been made at an expense of more than double the outlay in America



—a circumstance no doubt arising, in a great measure, from the uneven surface of the country, and the expense of purchasing lands.

The railways established, and in the course of formation, in the United States, will form the subject of another article.

#### TRAITS OF HUMBLE LIFE.

IN one of the early numbers of the Journal we took occasion to speak favourably of a series of sketches composing a volume with the title of "Real Life," written, we believe, by a lady in the west of Scotland, and offering some correct delineations of the condition of society in its lower departments. As we feel impressed with the conviction that works of this nature may serve the useful purpose of making the refined orders of the people better acquainted with the struggles, the hopes, and the fears of those whom they consider to be immeasurably below them in the scale of existence, we make no apology for presenting the following additional unaffected sketches from the production referred to:—

One beautiful sunshiny day, as I was strolling along with my old friend Simon, he pointed out to me an individual at the door of one of the wayside cottages, as an illustrious proof of the power of doing good on small means. "That little old woman sitting yonder spinning," said he, "set out in life with just as much capacity as would keep her from falling in the fire. After a time she learned to put off and on her own clothes—which new accomplishment was succeeded by that of gathering potatoes after they were turned up with the grape.

Jenny next learned to drop potatoes in the planting season; and, after years of apprenticeship, she could at length be trusted to weed lint and turnips—and her ultimate effort, in this line, was to shear. While such were her acquirements out of doors, her evenings in winter were not spent in idleness; and she successively learned to darn, to knit stockings, and to spin. By the exercise of these various talents she managed to keep herself above want; but as no one would hire her for a servant, she continued to possess the hut in which her parents had lived and died.

One day when Jenny was sitting at the door spinning, a woman whom she had never seen came suddenly up to her from the toll-road, saying, 'Do hold that wean a minute, till I lift my kist aff that carrier's cart;' and placing an infant on her knee, she turned the corner of the hut, and was out of sight in an instant. The little innocent sat cooing and smiling in her face, and poor Jenny was much flattered by its notice! She thought the woman was long of coming with her chest, but waited patiently, much delighted with the child's good humour. In short, the woman never returned; and you may imagine the consternation and dismay that ensued: but this poor creature actually fed and clothed and brought up this child with the utmost tenderness and affection. No doubt her richer neighbours did not fail to help her by their contributions—particularly of clothes—but still the heavy end fell upon Jenny, who, though she accepted of presents for the little stranger, never was known to ask assistance from any one."

"By this time we were quite up to the spot where the old woman was sitting, with most rueful countenance, spinning at her door. "Well, Jenny," said Simon, jocularly, "how is a' wi' you, my old friend?" "I daurna compleen," was her reply, as she stopped her wheel. "I'm sorry that's a' ye say," said Simon, "for I know you have a good contented spirit, and are thankful for all your mercies." "Ay, ye're a gude man, Simon; ye think the best o' every body—but I'm no contented enow, Simon, though some folk thinks it's a mercy that"—here she burst into uncontrollable grief, crying and sobbing—"they think it's a mercy—a mercy—that they've stown awa my wean. My darling babe!—they ca' me a fule to greet for her—that's nae faut o' mine. I ken I'm a fule—I was a fule a' my days—but I wad be waur than the beasts of the field gin I could lose the wee lamb, my wee pet lamb, that sleepit in my bosom, that ate the half of my morsel, and got its bits o' claes frae aff my ain back. Oh, what wad I be gin I could hae her reaved frae me and no sorrow for her!"

Simon did his best to soothe the poor creature, and asked her when the child had been taken away, and by whom. She replied, that after her little innocent had been about six years with her, she had determined to send her to school, for which purpose she saved three-halfpence a-week to pay for teaching her in a neighbouring village, where she came on quickly with her learning; and after she could read, by the help of some good ladies she was enabled to continue her at school to learn writing and sewing. "She gaed awa to the schule as usual," continued Jenny, "this day eight days, wi' her bit bread and cheese for her dinner tied in a napkin, but cam na back at night; and when it began to grow dark, I ran, like ane wud, to the maister's house, but before I got breath to speak, 'What's come o' your bit lassie the day, Janet?' quo' he; 'she ne'er played the truant afore.' Wi' that, Maister Simon, my head span roun', and there was a weary sigh in my lugs, and I kenna what came owre me. The schulemaister and his wife were unco kind to me, and sent a' gates to seek after my wee woman,

but naething can we hear, for certain, but that, the day she was ta'en awa, the shrieks o' a bairn were heard out o' a covered cart travelling Glasgow-ward. Folk tell me it's a sin to greet, and that it's a mercy that I'm quat o' a fremd bairn that cost me sae muckle; but och, och! that's a' they ken! You, Maister Simon, and maist ither folk, hae a weel-plenished house, wi' bairns or frien's o' your ain to mak you a canty fireside. But what had I? Naething but my wee lamb! Wha cares for auld haveler Jenny? Noane but her ain sweet bairn. She kent na and cared na whether I was daft or wise; I was kind to her when she had nae ither friend. When her father and her mother forsook her, she was given to me, and she gave me a' the love o' her wee warm kind heart. I looked to her as the staff o' my auld age, ane that would mak my bed, and haud my head when I was deeing, and close my een when I was dead! but I'm my lane now! My house is cauld and dark, and silent like a grave! My wee lamb, wee happy smilin' lamb, that was aye playing about my han', and makiu' my puir rafters ring wi' her glee—where is she now? I wish I were dead! but she's awa that would greet on my grave, and there's no ane left in the world to say 'waes me' when I'm laid i' the mouls!"

Simon stood silent for a long time, while the poor creature continued to sob and cry; and when he did speak, all he said had little effect in abating her grief; and we could only hope that its violence would wear it out. There she sat with her apron thrown over her head, and her whole frame shook by the heavy fetches of her breath. So, after laying a memorial of our good-will upon her wheel, we trudged on, much affected with this instance of the superior value of the humblest capacity united to good temper, and the sincere desire to be useful and charitable—even in a rank of life but one degree above beggary—to the most splendid talents, without goodness of heart and sound principles!

"Truly," said Simon, "the worth and merit of this poor woman is very great. When we consider how much would be thought of an individual or family, in a high rank and with means incomparably superior to hers, should they take in, clothe, feed, and educate a stray child, what is due to this poor creature for doing the same?—when we consider that every morsel put in the child's mouth was saved off her own stinted meal—and every stitch of clothes it wore were, as she said just now, taken from her own back, and how hard, late and early, she must have worked, to procure even the additional pittance to pay her schooling! Oh! we may rely upon it, however this poor weak creature's merit may be thought of here, it will be remembered up yonder," said the good man, raising his dark eyes glistening to heaven; "poor Janet, and her humble worth, will be remembered when many a splendid deed, which received the applause of multitudes here below, is forgotten, or obscured in gloom."

On another occasion, upon a Sunday—that blessed day of rest for the toil-worn poor—when we came out of church, we had an opportunity of witnessing one of those scenes so common in the rural districts of Scotland. The greater number of the respectable farmers, instead of returning to their homes between the two services, seated themselves in groups; some on the mossy grave-stones in the church-yard, some more distant under the venerable trees that shadowed the continuation of the enclosed ground, where it sloped from the back of the church towards a rushing stream, the sound of whose glad waters came sweetly to the ear, blended in unison with all the other sounds that speak Creation's joy—never listened to with a deeper sensation than when we stand amid the countless tenants of the silent tomb! I had unconsciously wandered from one to another of these tombs, reading on their little granite tablets the simple records of the peasant race who slept below, till, turning to look for Simon, I saw him seated amongst a group of elderly men, who seemed engaged in a most animated debate. On joining them, I found that the sermon we had just been listening to was the subject, and I could not but admire the strong natural sense which dictated many of the remarks made by these untutored and unlettered men.

One embittered-looking old man, with a dress indicating less wealth, and I thought less cleanliness than the others, was declaiming, as I drew near, against what he called "the abounding iniquity o' sic doctrines." "What! does he mean to preach that a man may cut an' carve his ain furtain' in this world as ye wad cut a bit cheese, and that a' thing will work just as he acts, gude or ill?" "Na, na," said an old man, on whose bald head time had scarcely spared one silver hair, "the minister said nae sic a thing, John; dinna misrepresent his meaning; he said, that independently of that eternal meed of glory or of dool awaiting the good and the bad in the world beyond the grave, that even in this world a good or an evil action seldom went without a sort o' proportionate reward." "Weel, weel, what's that mair nor I said, sirs?"—man, I wonder to hear ye uphauding sic nonsense; look into the warld, and tell me, is every honest man rich, and every leeing, cheating rascal puir? I trow no! else," added he, setting his teeth and casting a glance towards a group a little to the left of us, "some I wot o' wadna haud their head sae high the day." "Until ye can look into baith the hame and the heart o' your neebours, John, its totally impossible for you to ken either their reward or their punish-

ment. Pride will gar a body to carry their head, whiles, high enough when a' within is canker and despair." "That's no what he said—he tell't us, as plain as my finger neb, that gude actions met their sure reward, even!"—"But, John," interrupted Simon, "you make a strange mistake; you seem to confuse the ideas of money and of happiness, as if riches were happiness itself, and that there can be no reward to the good but money." "Atweel, Mr Simon, wi' your leave, I ne'er saw muckle happiness wanting it! Whan a man's sitting in frost and snaw, covering o'er a fire o' wat sticks, wi' twa or three nakit hungered bairns greeting at his lug, and a wife, maybe no the sweetest at the best, girning, flyting, and murmuring for the meat he has na to gie—my word on't, sirs," said the old man as his lips quivered at the home-scene he had drawn, "it's little wonder if he thinks money and happiness gay near freends." "Still, even then," replied the old man, with a peculiarly solemn and steady gaze at his neighbour's face, "even then, all happiness is not gone from that man, if he can say he has done his duty."

"Come, come, sirs, what's the use o' arguing and getting het about it? Just haud your tongues ilk ane o' ye—and I'll tell ye a story, and a true story too, for it every word o't happened to mysel', and ye'll see I was rewarded for a gude action, and yet I got nae money. May I be forgi'en for saying any action o' my ain was gude, but only way I did my best."

"Weel, weel, let's hear about it, Rab," cried several voices, all glad as it appeared to escape an angry debate. Rob blew his nose and cleared his throat. "Ye'll a' hae mind o' the year o' the typhus fever?" A smothered groan broke from the whole group. "Ay, we hae owre gude reason," and more than one eye glanced hastily over the green mounds near which we sat. "Aweel, it was the year afore that again, that Sir William roupit [or auctioned] some ryse grass parks afore he gaed awa abroad wi' his leddy; and our gudewife and me, we had consultit thegither about the buying ane or twa, and we thoct it wad be an unco gude plan, if they gaed cheap, which folk thoct they wad, by Sir William being sae sair hurried to leave hame. Weel, I set aff to the roup, and a bonny simmer's night it was, trudging awa wi' my shoon in my hand, and just nae mair time nor wad sair me to get there. When I got to the tap o' the Bowden Brae, and was just gaun to turn aff the high road through the fields, I lookit about, and there, awa maist half a mile down the road, does I see a young leddy that I dinna doot ye'll a' mind riding hereabouts." "On a brown powney, and her lane?" said some of them. "Ay, maistly her lane, but gae affen, 'specially in the evenings, she had a young gentleman wi' her; it was na her brown powney, it was a gray ane she had that night, and when I got sight o' her, she was on the ground a' her length; the ill-set beast had coosten her: she lay a wee minute, stunn'd like, and then rose. The beast stood stock still as lang as she was on the ground, but when'er she offered to put her fit into the stirrup, it kickit, and flang, and flew roun' and roun', and threw up its head, and syne its tail, till I wondered in mysel' hoo ony woman, let alane a bit delicate wee leddy, had courage or strength to keep a grip o' the reins; she coaxed and she clappit it, and she gathered han'fu' o' grass and gied it to eat; it ate the grass, and up wi' its heels again as ill as ever. I stood a gae wee and lookit at her, till the roup, the roup, cam o'er my mind, and I loupit the dyke, and lost sight o' her."

I wish any painter could have caught the expression of Simon's large dark eye, as it gleamed from under the furze-like pent-house of his huge eyebrow, at this part of poor Robin's narrative. On him, however, it was lost; he was busy taking a snuff, and, handing the box, he quietly resumed—"I had nae gane far when the thochts o' that puir young lassie cam o'er my heart sae heavy and sae queer. I minded how often I had lookit at the pale pale face, and the meek eye, and I thought I heard the sweet voice, like the wind sighing through a summer tree, that answered me when I had her a gude day or gude een: and it just cam doon on my heart, 'God will never bless my bairns if I leave that young creature to meet her death wi' no a leevin near her.' So I turned back, and when I cam in sight o' her again, she was sitting on the bit bank by the road-side, the reins in the se han' and her head leanin' on the ither. The beast was feeding quietly aff the tap o' the dyke. I ran as hard as ever I could doon the brae, and my heart was knock knocking, as it wad hae been through my very side. I kent I wad be owre late for the roup, but something I couldna gainsay drave me on. When I cam up to her, she rase and thankit me vera sweet for coming till her, and said that when I gaed oot o' sight her heart sickened, for the night was fa'ing fast, and she was five miles frae hame, and no a house nearer than twa mile. I said, 'she suldna ride her lane sae often.' She said, 'she was in very ill health, was aye better when she could get her bit ride; her father couldna afford a man-servant to ride wi' her, and nae ill had e'er happened to her afore.' I said, 'there was whiles a handsome young gentleman rade wi' her; where was he the night?' If ye had but seen the reddening blush, by a' the warld like the glint o' the setting sun on a wee white cloud, that swammed o'er her pale cheek! She said, 'he was a man in business, and it was a rare time when he could get away from it.' 'A' this time I was trying to tame the savage ill-set beast, but sic a wretch I never saw. Neither by fair

means nor foul could I gar't stand to let either me or the leddy into the saddle; it kickit wi' its heels, and snappit wi' its teeth like a dog, and took the bit out o' my gude new jacket: at last I saw three o' our lads coming down o'er the Hinging Shaw, and I beckoned on them, and it was as muckle as we four could man to tame it eneuch to let her into the saddle. Afore I gied her the reins, I axed her if she wassa feared to mount a beast it took four men to master? She smiled, and said, 'No, she wad mind her hand better now that she knew it had a trick.' She thankit us a vera muckle, and said to me that she hopit a day wad come when she wad hae an opportunity of requiting my kindness to her that day! I gied her the reins, and aff the powney flew like an arrow frae the bow; it didna try to fling her as lang as we saw it, and she sat it like a very queen. Hech, sirs! mony a weary day her parting words rang in my lug. After a', the gentles hae a real sweet way wi' them! its just something gars a body forget themselves: for as sure's death, the hall time I was wi' her I ne'er ance thought o' the roup; but as soon as I lost sight o' her, it cam o'er me wi' a burnin' stang, and mair than a', the thoughts o' what our Jean would say, for ye ken our Jean's gae and sharp when she's vexed, puir body."

The assenting laugh that burst from most of the party, gave evidence that this characteristic of Robin's helpmate was no secret. He joined in it with the air of a man who tries to make his petticoat thralldom sit as easy as he can, and went on—"I kent fu' weel I was over late, but I set aff rinnin' like an auld fule." "Twas na the only thing ye had dune like an auld fule that night, Rabby," cried John, with a sarcastic grin. Rab went on without noticing the interruption. "I tried to think to myself that maybe something might ha' made it fa' a wee late, and I wud be in time yet, but, wassa me, it wassa to be sae. I met the folk coming frae the roup a mile on this side o' the rouping grund, and they telled me that the parks had gane aff just awfu' cheap, and wad be a mine o' siller to them that got them if they got ony thing o' a gude tid. Aweel aweel, 'that was I to say to Jean? Howsomer, to mak a lang tale short, hame I gae, and sic a flyting as she flate ye ne'er heard—she ca'd me a' the auld doited donnered idiots, auld stupid deevils, e'er was. I ne'er bowed my e'e that night, what wi' Jean's flyting and thinking o' the leddy, and aye it cam through my mind that maybe she wad do as muckle for us yet as wad gar us forget the rye-grass parks; but when I said that to Jean—keep me! for it was waur and waur! 'Her do for ye indeed,' quo' she, 'ye ne'er-do-weel auld halverel—a likely tale in troth! My cortie, its name o' your riding madams that canna pay a dunkey to gang after them, that'll gie muckle o' the penny siller to an auld senseless brute that neglects his ain business to hunt their camstary powneys! Aweel, time gae on and on—I ne'er heard, and what seemed stranger still, I ne'er saw mair o' my bonny leddy."

The winter cam', and oh, it was a dour and a dismal ane to us. We war sair pinched, and must hae been sell'd off, had Sir William no been mair than merciful. Mony was the sair biting jeer Jean gied me about the leddy and the rye-grass parks. I had just to bide them, for what could I say? We hopit that the summer wad bring better times, but summer brought that awfu' fever." Robin paused, took off his hat, and wiped his brow, as if the very recollection of this season of trial unmanned him. "Nine of us lay in it at one time; not a soul in our house escaped the infection. I took it among the first, and I had asked a neebour to send up a doctor as he passed through the town wi' his carts. When he cam, I was surprised to see it was the same young man that used to ride wi' the leddy. Oh, God bless him! for he was a friend indeed in our sairest need, when nae other could or would help us; for the few that escaped infection dreaded it too much to come near them that had it, and ye ken we are far frae neebours ony way. It was a fearfu' time. We war in want o' every thing. We never had been sae puir."

The fever took Jean's head, and often i' the night her bitter cries for me that couldna steer to help her, and the moaning and greeting o' the wee miserable bairnies, joined to my ain sufferings, maist turned my head too. Twice every day did that blessed man come seven miles to see us; he didna come like a doctor, he cam' like an angel, for he aye brought wine and things to do us gude, and aye left us better and mair comfortable than he fand us. He wad tak aff his coat and work among us, helping ane and a' that could neither help themselves nor their dearer nor their heart's blude, and wud do things ye wadna believe the like o' him wad think o'.

I was the first that was able to crawl out o' the bed to try to do a little for the other eight. Ae day I was helping the doctor to put ane o' the bairns into a warm bath, and the bairn being loth to stay in the water, made a grabble at his breast, and tore open his waistcoat; wi' that out fell a black ribbon and a gold shing like an oval halfcrown piece hanging at it, and gold letters marked on't—it hung just before my e'en, and as he moved, it turned the other side; and what did I see? A picture o' my ain leddy. Oh, sirs, it was sae wee, and sae beautifal, and sae like her, though that I had ne'er seen her but wi' a hat, and it had nae hat, but buckles o' black hair hinging a' roun' the pale pale face, I clean forgot what I was doing—my e'en were glued on't—the sweet half-parted lips seemed just saying, 'A day will come when I shall

have it in my power to requite your kindness.' I maist garred myself believe I heard the words ance mair! I could hae glowered at it for ever, but when the doctor saw where my e'en war fixed, he took his han', wet as it was, and pushing the picture into his bosom, he buttoned up his waistcoat. I felt reproved and vexed; fain wad I ha' axed about her, but something tied my tongue, and I couldna even look in his face.

By his care and kindness, every ane o' our folk recovered, and ae day when he had seen us a' a-fit, he said to me, that he didna think he wad need to visit us again, bade God bless us, and turned to mount his horse. Mony mony was the sad consultation puir Jean and me had about how we ever war to pay him, and mony a time she had said that if she had a hunder pound she wad gie it till him, 'and think it ower little,' and that was muckle frae our Jean, for she likes the siller weel. I gae'd after him to the door, and my heart was fu' fu'—Oh, doctor, doctor, quo' I, 'ye hae the deepest heart's blessing o' me and mine, and that's a' we hae to gie ye the now; ye hae seen ower weel we're puir, but maybe better days may come, and we wull rather wait than ye suld want your due.' I just think I see him yet, stan'in' sae high and sae handsome, the reins in as han', and his fingers in the horse's mane, theither held out to me. 'Robert,' says he, 'ye are nothing whatever in my debt; for my attendance on you and your family I never will accept of one farthing, so keep your mind easy.' I lookit at him quite stupid-like. 'Sir!' quo' I, and I had na the power to say anither word; he lookit very mild at me. 'Robert,' says he, 'I saw your eyes fixed upon a picture your little son one day snatched out of my breast; did you know it?' 'Yes, sir,' quo' I, 'I kent it weel; she is a dear and lovely leddy.' He answered me in a laigh voice, 'She was all that, Robert; now she is an angel in heaven, and it is in compliance with her dying request that I have taken the first opportunity I ever had of requiting your kindness to her that day.' He sprang on his horse as he spak the last words, and was out o' sight in a moment."

Poor Robert paused; and I can assure you, the half-formed tear he brushed from his weather-worn cheek was reflected in the eyes of at least one of his hearers. His simple narrative called forth the warmest applause, and it was generally agreed by the circle that there were few who might not observe similar proofs of the fact, that good deeds done in secret frequently work out their own reward when least expected, and that they at least yield a lasting pleasure to the well-regulated mind, which far transcends the gratifications which mere wealth can purchase.

#### TAKING DINNER IN CHINA.

[From Meyen's Voyage round the World, 1831-2.]

A FEW days before our departure from Canton, we found at our house a visiting card from the Hong merchant Mowqua, and an invitation to dinner along with it; their notes of invitation are much larger than those in use amongst us, and written on extremely beautiful red paper. Mowqua is one of the youngest Hongists; he is in the possession of the white knob upon the cap, which, as it struck us, is of ivory, and betokens the fifth rank of Mandarin. About half-past six in the evening we presented ourselves at this aldermanic dinner, as the English call it; servants with large lanterns preceded us, and quantities of cotton were provided to fortify the drums of our ears against the Chinese music. The space before the door and the whole entrance were filled with attendants; Chinese lanterns were burning on all sides, and the most startling music welcomed our arrival.

As the guests entered, they were saluted by the host and his son, and amidst a profusion of compliments conducted quite up to the chairs in the reception-room. The attire of these rich Chinese on the evening in question was extraordinarily splendid: young Mowqua wore over all his silk coats and vests, which were confined by a beautiful silk sash, a cloak of the costliest furs. They kept their velvet caps with knobs constantly upon their heads; the magnificent tufts of these men, of singular strength and length, gave them a dignified mien. The guests seated themselves upon the chairs, which were ranged in two long and straight rows; and tea was immediately offered in large cups, each with a little shallow saucer, serving as a lid, and the whole standing upon a plate of silver or gold. It is well known that the Chinese, like the Japanese, drink their tea without either sugar or milk; they throw some tea into the cup, and pour boiling water over it; so soon as it has stood a short time, they scoop up the clear liquid into the saucer-lid, and drink it as hot as possible. As the tea thus used by the Chinese consists of entire leaves, and is not broken up, the extract is perfectly limpid.

Amongst the furniture which adorned the saloon of this rich merchant, were two large lanterns of horn; they were full three feet high and two feet and a half broad, yet nowhere could we see any trace of a joining. We also remarked that Mowqua possessed a large English plate of looking-glass, which is much superior to the Chinese, but he desired not to attract attention by the use of European articles, and had therefore caused the plate to be fixed in an ordinary and very clumsy Chinese frame. In a large adjoining room was the whole instrumental music, with several eminent singers, who kept playing during the whole feast, and performed a kind of opera; the noise they

made was positively horrible, but the Chinese took no notice of it; only when the entertainment paused for a moment, they listened to the singing, and had commonly a joke to laugh at or an observation to make.

Presently the dinner began; we were conducted into another room, and took our places at little four-cornered tables, each meant for six persons. The tables were placed together in the form of a half-circle, and the side towards the centre remained unoccupied. At the middle table sat the host, and at every other table sat a Chinese, who did the honours of it. The empty sides of the table, where no one sat, were hung with scarlet drapery, beautifully worked in embroidery of gold and different coloured silks; Chinese flowers, but not very striking forms, furnished the pattern. On the front edge of each table were placed the finest fruits in little baskets, with beautiful flowers stuck between them. Besides these, the whole table was covered with little cups and plates, which were ranged with great precision, and contained fruits, preserves, confectionery, slices of bread and butter, with small birds cold, and hundreds of other things. An extraordinary degree of art had been expended in the arrangement of those articles; amongst the rest were whole rows of little plates, filled with elegantly-raised three and four-cornered pyramids, composed of little bits of pheasants, larded geese, sausages, and so forth. Here stood plates with small oranges; there preserved plums; and here again almonds. Various little seeds of different colours were served upon shallow saucers, so arranged, however, that each colour occupied a particular field. We here recognised a kind of quince seed, of very delicate flavour; chick-peas, which, if eaten frequently, are said to produce a very bad effect; and chestnuts and hazel nuts, which come from the province of Pecheli, and greatly excel our fruits of the same kind. There were, moreover, grapes, which likewise came from the northern provinces of the empire; with preserved ginger, citrons, and lemons. After making but a short stay in China, one is accustomed to see daily and hourly that the Chinese conduct all their arrangements in a different style and manner from ourselves; it was thus also with the repast, for we began with the dessert.

By way of cover, three small cups are placed before each seat; the first on the left hand is filled with soy, which the Chinese add to almost every sort of food; the second serves for the ordinary eating; and in the third is a little spoon of porcelain for the soups. In front of these three cups, which are ranged in a line, lie the two round little chop-sticks, which, in rich houses, are made of ivory. It is extremely difficult for strangers to get at their food with these sticks, and the Chinese were amused with our unskilfulness; one was overheard to whisper, "Here are wise Europeans for you; they cannot so much as eat properly." Mr Lindsay understood him perfectly. Instead of napkins, small three-cornered pieces of paper are placed near the covers; these are ornamented with stripes of red paper, and used by the Chinese to wipe their hands.

The dinner began by the host's inviting us to eat of the finer dishes; whilst we were eating them, he kept calling our attention to the flavour or the rarity of this or that thing; and the mode of eating was to convey the food to the mouth, with the two sticks, out of the dish; for a small bowl was the largest vessel placed upon the table during the whole entertainment. The Chinese place no cloths upon the tables, but instead, so soon as the course is finished, the whole board is removed, and a new surface, as it were, with fresh things, is served. As soon as the first course was removed, another small cup was added to each cover; this was used for drinking hot samtschu, a fermented liquor made of rice, which at a Chinese table supplies the place of wine, and which is always served boiling; servants walk round with large silver cans, and help every body to this nectar, which, principally on account of its heat, begins very soon to operate. The Chinese, in drinking wine, hold the cup with both hands, and, after wishing each other health and happiness, drink it off at a draught; whereupon they turn the inside of the cup towards the person with whom they are drinking, and show that they have drained every drop.

So soon as the first division of the dinner, consisting possibly of sixty ragouts, was over, the soups appeared; these were placed in small bowls, in the middle of the table, and every man ate, with his little porcelain spoon, out of the dish. In this way, five or six different soups were served in succession, and between them various other things were placed before the guests in little cups: amongst the rest, pastry, prepared in many ways, articles of confectionery, and strong chicken-hashes.

Between the different grand divisions of the dinner, tea was handed round and tobacco smoked; during which we were enabled to rest ourselves, so as to begin again with fresh vigour. After several courses, five small tables were placed outside of the half-circle of the original tables; these were completely covered with roasted pork and birds of all sorts. Then ten cooks came into the room, clothed all alike and very tastefully, and began carving the roasts. Two placed themselves before each table, and commenced, with long knives, to sever the hard roasted skin of all these viands, which was done most skilfully. Other servants, who stood in front of the tables, received the little bits, into which all these roasts were cut, upon small plates, and then placed them on the middle of our tables. At the end of the whole meal, the cooks



came again into the room, and returned thanks for the honour which had been done them in being permitted to cater for the illustrious company. I shall here close the description of this dinner, which perhaps has wearied the indulgent reader more than it did us; yet full six hours were we obliged to sit at it, and many hundreds of dishes were served up.

The Chinese eat almost every thing that comes to hand. Upon the streets of the city, but particularly on the large square before the factories, a number of birds are daily exposed for sale, which amongst us have not yet gained much repute for flavour; among others, hawks, owls, eagles, and storks. To a European, nothing can have a more laughable effect than to see the Chinese arrive with a carrying-pole supporting two bird cages which contain dogs and cats instead of birds. A small thin sort of spaniel appeared to us to be most in request; they sit quite down-cast in their temporary dwellings when they are brought to market, whilst the cats make a dreadful squalling, as if conscious of their fate. The flesh of these last, when they are well fed, is much esteemed in China, and they are often seen on the tables of the rich. Other Chinese bring upon their carrying-pole many dozens of rats, which are drawn quite clean, and, like pigs in our country, when they have been opened, are hung up by means of a cross piece of wood through the hind legs. These rows of rats look very nice, but they are only eaten by the poor.

#### SHAVING CONSIDERED AS A SURGICAL OPERATION.

THE surgeon and the barber were formerly one flesh. A professional gentleman kept a shop with a party-coloured pole projecting at an angle of forty-five degrees, and a basin dangling from the end of it, the former indicating that he let blood, and the other (unless, indeed, the operations might be esteemed identical) that he removed beards. In time, however, as surgery became more complicated, the one party became too proud to associate with the other; surgeons became surgeons, and barbers barbers; and though they might continue to form but one corporation, like two dogs of different species unwillingly chained together, they were only mutually surprised that their respective duties should have ever been performed by a single individual.

I am humbly of opinion that this disjunction should never have taken place. Surgery, anciently and properly termed chirurgery, is no doubt an elegant and learned art, and its professors must be considered as gentlemen. But let us reflect on what shaving is. Shaving, as the greater part of adult men must be aware, is the business of clearing away the beard, and is usually performed once a-day. A vast proportion of mankind shave themselves, while others resort to the surgeon-deserted persons commonly called barbers. But, in whatever manner, or by whomsoever it is done, it is a painful and annoying operation. In the first place, there is no certain way of getting proper instruments. Razors are articles of so capricious a nature, that even their own makers do not know when they are good or bad. You may buy a magnificent and expensive case, and find not a single blade of merit among them all. Or you may pick up an old one for a shilling, which turns out excellent—at least for a time, for there is no calculating on a good razor continuing good. Nay, a razor of respectable reputation will sometimes all of a sudden become execrable—you lay it aside, and try it again in a month—when, lo, it has resumed all its primitive excellence! Razors almost appear to be inspired with human passions. They get offended at too much work, and apparently determine to have a little period of recreation. Or they get too fine in their ideas, and cut their old friends without mercy. If a man will take pains to study the humours of his razors, he may shave with some degree of comfort. But how few have time, or will condescend, to do any such thing! Razors require to be coddled up in flannel, and frequently sharpened. The difficulty is to secure the means of sharpening them. There are ingenious artists who profess to have invented strops and pastes infallible; but apparently it is not given to all men to be able to use these things for the desired end. Strops seem to be as capricious as razors. Then, even supposing that your razor be tolerable, which it is once or twice in a lifetime, what difficulty in laying it on! To shave a beard of average extent (some people have acre-breads of cheek, and all under cultivation) requires not less than one hundred strokes or applications of the instrument. Now, how little chance is there of all these being effected unsanguineously! The laying on of a razor is one of the most difficult things in the world. Great care won't do: it requires a lucky venturesomeness—one might almost say, carelessness.

The angle of incidence must be studied, but every thing else depends on a kind of lively and unthinking dash, which cautious people are just the most unfit to acquire. A pause of an instant before the sweep, gives a wound an inch long, while the easy-minded and unreflecting fight away without harm. In short, what with the faithlessness of instruments, and the difficulty of employing them, shaving is one of the greatest and most constant torments that afflict humanity.

Finding it to be so in our own hands and in those of unlettered barbers, I am inclined to think that our ancestors were at least wise in their mode of shaving. They considered it as a surgical operation, and had it done by surgeons accordingly; while we, their degenerate posterity, render it too truly surgical, through an opposite course of conduct. What I would propose is, that shaving should be resumed by the surgeons. Every man to his trade, and every trade to its man, are inseparable maxims. Shaving as naturally falls under the attention of the profession alluded to, as bloodletting or amputation. Does it not require the same delicate skill and almost the same weapons? Does not the comfort of man as forcibly require that it should be done by the hands of persons conversant with the human anatomy? The basin was alike serviceable in making lather and in receiving the proceeds of venesection; and so should the education of the surgeon be equally serviceable in teaching the art of cutting off limbs and the art of cutting off beards. Perhaps it might be difficult to reconcile the surgeons to shaving. During the last war, the Russian government invited into its service a number of young British surgeons, to whom it gave the appropriate rank in both the army and navy, as well as very considerable pay. What was the astonishment of the young gentlemen, when they found that part of their duty was to shave the common soldiers and sailors! The remonstrances made on this occasion prove how unwilling the home profession would be to take up the razor. But let us not despair. The universities, whose conduct in allowing surgery and barbery to be disjoined, was certainly, to say the least of it, most uncharacteristic, might easily re-impose the old rules, so that we should soon have a crop of young surgeons, able and willing to operate on the chins of mankind in the manner in which the chins of mankind ought to be operated upon. Were these youths once fairly into practice, the old members of the profession would soon be obliged to conform, in order to retain their ground—for we can conceive a member of the public then addressing his old family surgeon in terms like these—

—Canst thou minister to a lip diseased,  
Pluck from the countenance a rooted sorrow?

And on an unfavourable answer, adding—

Then throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it.

Thus a reform would be gradually brought about. Shaving would be performed with that skill which is necessary, and the gentleman part of the human race would once more enjoy their pristine felicity.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### ADMIRAL DUNCAN.

ADAM DUNCAN, one of the comparatively few naval heroes of whom Scotland can boast, was a younger son of Alexander Duncan, Esq. of Lundie, in the county of Forfar, and was born in Dundee on the 1st of July 1731, receiving the rudiments of his education in the same town. At the early age of sixteen, in the year 1747, he departed from the place of his nativity for the purpose of entering the naval service, taking the humble conveyance of a carrier's cart to Leith, whence he sailed to London; thus beginning his career in that unostentatious manner which is so characteristic of the lives of many men of genius who have risen to eminence.

The first vessel with which he was connected was the *Shoreham* frigate, commanded by Captain Kaldane, under whom he served for three years. He afterwards entered as midshipman on board the *Centurion* of fifty guns, then the flag-ship of Commodore Keppel, who had received the appointment of commander-in-chief on the Mediterranean station. While on this station, Mr Duncan attracted the attention and regard of the commodore, no less by the mildness of his manners, and the excellence of his disposition, which, indeed, distinguished his character through life, than by the ability and intrepidity which he uniformly displayed in the discharge of his arduous though subordinate duties. How true it is that the sure foundations of future fame can be laid only during that period of youth which precedes the commencement of manhood's more anxious business! His submission to the severity of naval discipline, the diligence with which he made himself acquainted with the practical details of his professional duties, and the assiduity with which he cultivated an intellect naturally powerful, formed the true germs whence his greatness afterwards sprang. The amiable and excellent qualities which so soon and so conspicuously manifested themselves in his mind

and character, gained for him, at an early period of his life, the affection of many whose friendship proved useful to him in the subsequent stages of his professional advancement.

As Keppel, himself a hero, had been the first to discover kindred qualities in his young friend, so he was also the first who had the honour to reward the rising genius of Mr Duncan. In January 1755, the commodore was selected to command the ships of war destined to convey the transports which had been equipped for the purpose of carrying out troops under General Braddock to North America, where the French had made various encroachments on British territory; and it was then that Keppel paid a compliment no less creditable to his own discrimination than flattering to Duncan's merits, by placing his name at the head of the list of those whom he had the privilege of recommending to promotion. Mr Duncan was accordingly raised to the rank of lieutenant, in which capacity he went on board the *Norwich*, Captain Barrington. Soon after the arrival of the fleet in Virginia, the commodore removed Mr Duncan on board his own ship the *Centurion*, whereby he was placed not only more immediately under the friendly eye of his commander, but in a more certain channel of promotion. With the *Centurion* he returned to England, and remained unemployed (still the shipmate of Keppel, now on the home station) for three years. He was soon afterwards, however, called into active service, having been present at the attack on the French settlement of Goree on the coast of Africa; and the expectations which his commander had formed of him were amply realised by the bravery which he displayed in the attack on the fort. Before the schism of the expedition, he rose to the first lieutenantancy of the commodore's ship, the *Torbay*.

In September 1759, he was promoted to the rank of commander, and in February 1761, being then in his thirtieth year, he obtained a post-captaincy. The ship to which on this occasion he was appointed was the *Valiant*, of seventy-four guns, on board which Keppel hoisted his flag, as commodore in command of the fleet which carried out the expedition to Belleisle. Here the critical duty of commanding the boats to cover the disembarkation of the troops devolved on Captain Duncan, and in this, as in various other difficult and important services in which he was employed during the siege, he greatly distinguished himself. He had the honour, also, of taking possession of the Spanish ships when the town surrendered to the English.

In the year following, he sailed with the *Valiant* in the expedition under Admiral Pocock, which reduced the Havannah; and he remained in command of the same vessel till the conclusion of the war, in 1763. The powers of Europe, notwithstanding the exhausting conflicts in which they had for many years been engaged, were still too heated to remain long at peace, and the war which followed, again called into active operation all the energies of the British navy. No opportunity, however, occurred that enabled Duncan, now commander of the *Suffolk* of 74 guns, to distinguish himself. On returning to England on the temporary cessation of hostilities, he had the singular fortune of being called to sit as a member of the court-martial which was held on his brave and injured friend Admiral Keppel, whose unanimous and most honourable acquittal was immediately followed by votes of thanks from both Houses of Parliament for his distinguished services.

In the summer of 1779, Captain Duncan commanded the *Monarch*, 74, attached to the channel fleet under Sir Charles Hardy; and towards the conclusion of the year he was placed under the orders of Sir George Rodney, who sailed with a powerful squadron to attempt the relief of Gibraltar. This armament, besides effecting the purpose for which it had been sent out, had the good fortune to capture a fleet of fifteen Spanish merchantmen and their convoy, a sixty-four gun ship and four frigates. The admiral had scarcely regulated the distribution of the prizes, when, on the 16th January, off Cape St Vincent, he came in sight of a Spanish squadron of eleven ships of the line, commanded by Don Juan Langara. The English admiral immediately bore down with his whole force, and Captain Duncan, although his ship was one of the worst sailers in the fleet, had the honour, as it had been his ambition, to get first into action. This engagement afforded little opportunity for a display of scientific tactics; it was, in seamen's language, a fair stand-up fight, gained by the party who had the stoutest heart and the strongest arm. But it distinguished Captain Duncan as a man of the most dauntless intrepidity, and of judgment competent to form a correct estimate of his own strength, as compared with that of his adversaries. After beating the *St Augustin*, Captain Duncan pushed forward into the heart of the battle, and, by a well-directed fire against several of the enemy's ships, contributed greatly to the victory which was that day achieved over the Spanish flag.

On Captain Duncan's return to England in the same year, he quitted the *Monarch*, and in 1782 was appointed to the *Blenheim*, of 90 guns. With this ship he joined the main or channel fleet, under Lord Howe. He shortly afterwards accompanied his lord-

ship to Gibraltar, and bore a distinguished part in the engagement which took place in October, off the mouth of the straits, with the combined fleets of France and Spain, on which occasion he led the larboard division of the centre, or commander-in-chief's squadron. Here he again signalled himself by the skill and bravery with which he fought his ship.

After returning to England he enjoyed a respite for a few years from the dangers and anxieties of active warfare. Having removed to the *Edgar*, 74, a Portsmouth guard-ship, he employed his time usefully to his country, and agreeably to himself—though he would have preferred the wider sphere of usefulness which a command on the seas would have afforded him—in giving instructions in the science of naval warfare to a number of young gentlemen, several of whom have since distinguished themselves in their profession. Overlooked for several years by an administration who did not always reward merit according to its deserts, he was now destined to receive that promotion to which, by his deeds, he had acquired so just a claim.

On 14th September 1787, he was raised to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue; and three years afterwards, he was invested with the same rank in the white squadron. On 1st February 1793, he received promotion as vice-admiral of the blue, and, on 12th April 1794, as vice-admiral of the white. On 1st June 1795, he was appointed admiral of the blue, and of the white, on 14th February 1799. At none of these successive steps of advancement, except the two last, was he in active service, although he had frequently solicited a command. In February 1795, he received the appointment of commander-in-chief of all the ships and vessels in the north seas: he first hoisted his flag on board the *Prince George*, of 90 guns, but afterwards removed to the *Venerable*, of 74, a vessel of a more suitable size for the service in which he was about to engage, and one in which he afterwards rendered so glorious a service to his country.

History does not perhaps record a situation of more perplexing difficulty than that in which Admiral Duncan found himself placed in the summer of 1797. For a considerable period he had maintained his station off the Dutch coast, in the face of a strong fleet, and in defiance of the seasons, and when it was known with certainty that his opponents were ready for sea, and anxious to effect a landing in Ireland, where they expected the co-operation of a numerous band of malcontents. At this most critical juncture he was deserted by almost the whole of his fleet, the crews of his different ships having, with those of the channel fleet, and the fleet at the Nore, broken out into a mutiny, the most formidable recorded in history. Early in the year of which we speak, petitions on the subject of pay and provisions had been addressed to Lord Howe from every line of battle ship lying at Portsmouth, of which no notice whatever was taken. In consequence, on the return of the fleet to the port, an epistolary correspondence was held throughout the whole fleet, which ended in a resolution, that not an anchor should be lifted until a redress of grievances was obtained. Accordingly, on the 15th of April, when Lord Bredford ordered the signal for the fleet to prepare for sea, the sailors on board his own ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, instead of weighing anchor, took to the shrouds, where they gave him three cheers, and their example was followed by every ship in the fleet. The officers were astonished, and exerted themselves, in vain, to bring back the men to a sense of their duty. Alarmed at the formidable nature of this combination, which was soon discovered to be extensively organised, the lords of the admiralty arrived on the 18th, and various proposals were immediately made to induce the men to return to their duty, but all their overtures were rejected. They were informed, indeed, that it was the determined purpose of the crews of all the ships to agree to nothing but that which should be sanctioned by parliament, and by the king's proclamation. In circumstances so alarming to the whole nation, government was compelled to make some important concessions, and a promise of his majesty's pardon to the offenders. These, after much deliberation, were accepted, and the men returned to their duty with apparent satisfaction. The leaders of the mutiny were still, however, secretly employed in exciting the men to fresh acts of insubordination; and, taking hold of some parliamentary discussions which had recently been published, the mutiny was, in the course of fourteen days, revived at Spithead with more than its original violence; and under pretence that government did not mean to fulfil its engagements, the channel fleet, on the 7th of May, refused to put to sea. Such officers as had become objects of suspicion or dislike to their crews were put on shore. Flags of defiance were hoisted in every ship; and a declaration was sent on shore, stating, that they knew the Dutch fleet was on the point of sailing, but, determined to have their grievances redressed, they would bring matters to a crisis at once, by blocking up the Thames! At this fearful crisis an act was hurried through parliament, increasing their wages; but so far from satisfying them, this conciliatory and liberal measure served only to increase their insolence, and to render them the more extravagant in their demands. Four ships of Lord Duncan's fleet, from Yarmouth, were now moored across the mouth of the Thames. Trading vessels were prevented alike from entering and leaving the river, and all communication with the shore was pro-

hibited. A regular system was adopted for the internal management of each ship, and Richard Parker was placed at the head of the disaffected fleet. On the part of the government, preparations were made for an attack on the mutineers. All farther concession was refused; the eight articles submitted to government by Parker were rejected; and it was intimated, that nothing but unconditional submission would be accepted by the administration. This firmness on the part of government had at length the desired effect. Dismayed at their own rashness and folly, the ships escaped one by one from Parker's fleet, and submitted themselves to their commanders; and the apprehension, trial, and execution of Parker and others of the mutineers, which speedily followed, closed this most disgraceful and formidable mutiny. The anxiety of the nation all this time was intense; that of Duncan, deserted as he was by the greater part of his fleet, while in the daily expectation of an enemy coming out, must have been extreme. Nevertheless, by acts of mildness and conciliation, and by his uniform firmness, he contrived to keep his own ship, as well as the crew of the *Adamant*, free from insubordination.

It was at this trying period that the happy thought occurred to the anxious mind of Duncan, that, by approaching the Texel with his puny force, and by making signals as if his fleet were in the offing, he might deceive the wary De Winter into the belief that he was blocked up by a superior squadron. This stratagem was employed with entire success, nor indeed was it known to De Winter that a deception had been practised upon him, until he had become his antagonist's prisoner. This manoeuvre, so singular in its conception, so successful in its execution, and performed at a moment of such extreme national difficulty, stands unparalleled in naval history, and alone gave to him who devised it as good a claim to the honour of a coronet, and to his country's gratitude, as if he had gained a great victory.

On the termination of the mutiny, Admiral Duncan was joined by the rest of his fleet, very much humbled, and anxious for an opportunity to wipe away, by some splendid achievement, the dishonour they had incurred. The two rival fleets were now placed on an equal footing; and all anxiety for the event of a collision was completely removed. Having blockaded the Dutch coast till the month of October, Duncan was under the necessity of coming to Yarmouth roads to refit, leaving only a small squadron of observation under the command of Captain Trollope. But scarcely had he reached the roads, when a vessel on the back of the sands gave the spirit-stirring signal that the enemy was at sea. Not a moment was lost in getting under sail, and early on the morning of the 11th of October he was in sight of Captain Trollope's squadron, with a signal flying for an enemy to leeward. He instantly bore up, made signal for a general chase, and soon came up with them, forming in line on the larboard tack, between Camperdown and Egmont, the land being about nine miles to leeward. The two fleets were of nearly equal force, consisting each of sixteen sail of the line, exclusive of frigates, brigs, &c. As they approached each other, the British admiral made signal for his fleet, which was bearing up in two divisions, to break the enemy's line, and engage to leeward; each ship her opponent. The signal was promptly obeyed; and getting between the enemy and the land, to which they were fast approaching, the action commenced at half-past twelve, and by one it was general throughout the whole line. The Monarch was the first to break the enemy's line. The *Venerable* was frustrated in her attempt to pass astern of De Winter's flag-ship; but pouring a destructive broadside into the *States-General*, which had closed up the interval through which the *Venerable* intended to pass, she compelled that vessel to abandon the line. The *Venerable* then engaged De Winter's ship the *Vryheid*, and a terrible conflict ensued between the two commanders-in-chief. But it was not a single-handed fight. The enemy's *Leyden*, *Mars*, and *Brutus*, in conjunction with the *Vryheid*, successively cannonaded the *Venerable*, and she found it expedient to give ground a little, though not forced to retreat. In the meantime, the *Triumph* came up to her relief, and, along with the *Venerable*, gave a final blow to the well-fought and gallantly defended *Vryheid*, every one of whose masts were sent overboard, and herself reduced to an unmanageable hulk. The contest throughout the other parts of the line was no less keenly maintained on both sides; but with the surrender of the admiral's ship the action ceased, and De Winter himself was brought on board the *Venerable*, a prisoner of war. His ship and nine other prizes were taken possession of by the English. Shortly after the *States-General* had received the fire of the *Venerable*, she escaped from the action, and, along with two others of Rear-admiral Storey's division, was carried into the Texel, the admiral having afterwards claimed merit for having saved a part of the fleet. The British suffered severely in their masts and rigging, but still more so in their hulls, against which the Dutch had mainly directed their fire. The loss of lives also was great, but not in proportion to that suffered by the enemy. The carnage on board of the two admirals' ships was particularly great, amounting to not less than 250 men killed and wounded in each. The total loss of the British was 191 killed, and 560 wounded, while the loss of the Dutch was computed to have been more than double

that amount. At the conclusion of the battle, the English fleet was within five miles of the shore, from whence many thousands of Dutch citizens witnessed the spectacle of the destruction and defeat of their fleet.

Naval tacticians accord to Admiral Duncan great merit for this action. It stands distinguished from every other battle fought during the war, by the bold expedient of running the fleet between the enemy and a lee shore with a strong wind blowing on the land, a mode of attack which none of his predecessors had ever hazarded. The admiral also evinced great judgment in the latter part of the contest, and in extricating his fleet and prizes from a situation so perilous and difficult, while the Dutch sustained all the character of their best days. The battle of Camperdown, indeed, whether we view it as exhibiting the skill and courage of its victor, the bravery of British seamen, or as an event of great political importance, will ever stand conspicuous among the many naval victories that adorn our annals.

On the arrival of Admiral Duncan at the Nore on 17th October, he was created a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Viscount Duncan of Camperdown, and Baron Duncan of Lundie, to which estate he had succeeded by the death of his brother; and a pension of £2000 a-year was granted him lordship for himself and the two next heirs of the peerage. The thanks of both houses of parliament were unanimously voted to the fleet; and the city of London presented Lord Duncan with the freedom of the city, and a sword of two hundred guineas value. Gold medals were also struck in commemoration of the victory, which were presented to the admirals and captains of the fleet. The public, too, by whom the benefits of no action during that eventful war were more highly appreciated than the one of which we have been speaking, paid Lord Duncan a flattering mark of respect, by wearing, the women, gowns and ribands, and the men, vests of a particular kind, which were named "Camperdowns," after the victory.

Lord Duncan continued in the command of the north-sea squadron till the beginning of the year 1800, when, there being no longer any probability of the enemy venturing to sea, and having now arrived at his 69th year, he finally retired from the anxieties of public, to the enjoyment of private life; which he adorned as eminently by his virtues, as he had done his public station by his energy and talents.

In 1777, his lordship married Miss Dundas, daughter of Lord President Dundas, of the Court of Session in Scotland, by whom he had several children. He did not long enjoy his retirement, having been cut off in the 73d year of his age by a stroke of apoplexy at Kelso, on his way from London, in the summer of 1804. He was succeeded in his estates and titles by his eldest son—in elevating whom to an earldom, our present king not only paid an honourable tribute of respect to the memory of the father, but a just compliment to the talents, public spirit, and worth of the son. We close this sketch in the words of a late writer: "It would perhaps be difficult to find in modern history another man in whom, with so much meekness, modesty, and unaffected dignity of mind, were united so much genuine spirit, so much of the skill and fire of professional genius; such vigorous and active wisdom; such alacrity and ability for great achievements, with such indifference for their success, except so far as they might contribute to the good of his country."\*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH SEA HOUSE.

[By Elia.]

READER, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly—didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court with cloisters, and pillars with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.

This was once a house of trade—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticos, imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of bearded door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry—the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams—and soundings of the Bay of Panama! The long passages hung with buckets, appended in

\* Abridged and altered from Chambers's Scottish Biography.



idle row to walls, whose substance might defy any sort of the last conflagration—with vast ranges of cellars under all, where dollars and pieces-of-eight once lay an "unsunned heap," for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE.—

Such is the *South Sea House*; at least such it was forty years ago, when I knew it—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battenning upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a super-festation of dirt!) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, that wished to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne's reign; or, with less hallowed curiosity, sought to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous HOAX, whose extent the petty speculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's superhuman plot.

Peace to the manes of the BUBBLE! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce—amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India House about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet—a cessation, a coolness from business, an indolence almost cloistral, which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past—the shade of some dead accountant with visionary pen in ear would flit by me stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tombs, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves, with their old fantastic flourishes and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columnations, set down with formal superfluity of cyphers, with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped, ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had every thing on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as any thing from Herculaneum. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the *South Sea House*—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors—generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind—old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before—humorists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visnomy, but was a worthy sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzled out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him, making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to imagine himself one; haunted at least with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffeehouse, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence.

Then was his forte, his glorified hour! How would he chirp and expand over a muffin! How would he dilate into secret history! His countryman, Pennant himself, in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theatres, churches, streets gone to decay—where Rosamund's pond stood, the Mulberry Gardens, and the Conduit in Cheap, with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalised in his picture of *Noon*—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country from the wrath of Louis XIV. and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog Lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials!

Deputy under Evans was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster Hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt "strained to the height" in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day—to the illustrious but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought, the sentiment, the bright solitary star of your lives, ye mild and happy pair, which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments; and it was worth them altogether. You insulted none with it; but while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise could reach you through it.

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang, certainly, "with other notes than to the Orphean lyre." He did indeed scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadneedle Street, which, without any thing very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them, resounded forthrightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—chorus singers, first and second violincellos, double basses, and clarionets, who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He sat like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas that were purely ornamental were banished. You could not speak of any thing romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which perhaps differed from the balance of last year in the sum of £25, 1s. 6d.) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of things (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days, when *South Sea* hopes were young—(he was indeed equal to the wielding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days)—but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was every thing. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand that commanded their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of simidity—(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you: it is mere temperament; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with

Fortinbras, "greatly find quarrel in a straw," when some supposed honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life, or leaned against the rails of a balcony, or walked upon the ridge of a parapet, or looked down a precipice, or let off a gun, or went upon a water party, or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it; neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the *author* of the *South Sea House*? who never enteredst thy office in a morning, or quitted it in mid-day—(what didst thou in an office?)—without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican, not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are staled by the "new-born gauds" of the time—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers and Chronicles, upon Chatham, and Shelbourn, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies—and Koppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond, and such small politics.

A little less facetious, and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling rattleheaded Plumer. He was descended, not in a right line, reader (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend), from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out, and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed ancestor) had been wild in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old Whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive Parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George II.'s days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's *Life of Cave*. Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumour. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangeest, mild, child-like, pastoral M—; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly M—, the unapproachable church warden of Bishopsgate—like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private—already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent—else could I omit that strange creature Woollett, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations*?—and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen—with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.—*Essays of Elia, first series.*

**DESTRUCTION OF SPARROWS.**—The farmers, and many others in the country, take great pains to destroy the sparrows; but, from the following extract from Bradley's *Treatise on Husbandry and Gardening*, it would not appear that they act judiciously in so doing:—"A pair of sparrows, during the time they have their young to feed, destroy, on an average, every week, 3360 caterpillars." This calculation he founds upon actual observation, having discovered that the two parents carried to the nest forty caterpillars in an hour! These birds also feed their young with butterflies, and other winged insects, each of which, if not destroyed in this manner, would be the parents of hundreds of caterpillars—and what those gentry would do in the gardens, &c. we need not tell.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

**POISONING.**—The French chemists make the following proposition, in order to render less frequent the crime of poisoning, and to put on their guard those who may be marked out as the victims of revenge, jealousy, or the like:—From 1824 to 1832, the number of individuals accused of poisoning was 273; and it appeared that in many instances the intended victims had been saved by the bad taste communicated to the food by the poisonous substance. It is therefore recommended that it should be rendered compulsory to colour or give a flavour to all poisonous substances which would not be deteriorated by the admixture. For the latter purpose aloes have been suggested, and of this many English as well as French chemists have approved. It has also been recommended to scent all poisons with the same odour—musk for instance.—*Ibid.*

## Column for Mothers.

WHENEVER mankind, in any of their systems, violate the laws of nature, nature works out her own revenge—punishes those who transgress the rules which she has obviously established for the government of her creatures. People see instances of this every day of their lives, but they pertinaciously abstain from avoiding errors which they perceive must in all likelihood end in misery of some kind or other: They see aged intemperates in a state of paralysis—see the errors of one generation visited in the physical debility on the next, or, as the scriptures express it, “the sins of the fathers visited on the children”—see the improvident in destitution—see health destroyed by a too strict adherence to the frivolities of fashion in respect of dress—see the most dismal disasters arising from imprudent matrimonial connections—see children ruined by the decidedly erroneous management of parents, coupled with an improper routine of mis-called education—these, and a thousand other things equally liable to censure, they are not so blind as not to perceive, and even condemn upon an occasion, and yet—they go and do likewise. A momentary gratification of the baser sentiments, or an idle desire to act in conformity with some absurd conventional arrangement, banishes for the time every thing like a sober calculation of consequences—of what is likely to be the penalty which will be ultimately exacted from them.

It is not our present desire to animadvert on conventional errors of this description, further than to allude to the injurious practice which is followed by many parents of dismissing their children from their domestic circle, for the sake of physical and mental culture during early life. Here we have a beautiful instance of necessary retribution. The dismissal of new-born infants from the maternal bosom is occasionally caused by inability to carry on the process of nursing, and in such cases it is no doubt excusable, if not advisable, although it is very clear that the mother who is incapable of suckling an infant should not have complained had it been her lot to be childless. Nature intended that every mother should be the nurse of her own children, and it is only in the case of inattention to the organic laws that nature fails to effect the accomplishment of her object—fails from the interposition of art on an irrational principle. We do not know that it is argued that a child thrives best in bodily health when it draws its support from the breast of its mother, but we feel perfectly convinced that nurture on the part of the parent is absolutely essential to produce feelings of lasting sympathy and affection towards her offspring. Can there be a sight more interesting within the scope of our daily observation, than that of a mother holding her darling babe to her bosom? With what affection does she look upon its innocent efforts!—how she rejoices in cherishing it!—the whole of her faculties are roused to save it from distress, to rear it with that depth of love which none but a mother in her situation can possibly experience! What can surpass a mother's love? It is the strong undying bond which links hearts together. The mother, however, who has not experienced the pleasures, the hopes, and the fears of a nurse, has rarely the power of loving her child with this ardour of attachment, it being the associations of sentiment with the period of infantile wants, not the mere circumstance of maternity, which form the foundation of that affection which lasts through the remainder of existence. If the mother, therefore, who does not nurse her children, be generally deprived of ardent love for her offspring which nature designed her to possess, so in the same respects are children who have never experienced a mother's tenderness in early youth, little animated in after-life with filial regard for the being from whom they sprang. It is apparent, that, in courses such as these, a serious violation of the moral and social duties is committed, and this sooner or later will be demonstrated, and perhaps felt with no small measure of mental anguish. Viewing the matter in the most favourable light in which it can possibly be beheld, there is an evil worthy of being deplored, and which should, if within the bounds of possibility, be avoided.

When one considers the responsibilities connected with the office of a mother, it seems strange that any could be found who would, on grounds the most specious, systematically leave the nurture and early culture of their children to strangers. But the claims of fashion are stronger than the demands of duty. There are thousands of mothers in the polite circles of society who can hardly say that they have ever bestowed one hour's serious attention on their offspring from the moment of their birth. They allow them to be nursed by strangers, cultivated by servants draughted from the inferior classes, and, lastly, educated at seminaries far distant from the paternal roof—altogether composing a series of practices, fatal, both as respects the mental affection which should always subsist between parents and children, and the well-being of society. Outraged nature fails not to work out her revenge. The thoughtless parents reap a plentiful harvest of bitter fruits: disobedience, personal disrespect, misconduct, the formation of vicious habits, are

a few of the rich rewards which they may calculate upon enjoying.

Mostly all men who have attained distinction from their abilities and behaviour, have been heard to declare that they owed every thing to their mother. It was she who first instilled into them the principles of virtue, who guided, advised, and amused them in their youthful years, who sustained them amidst the difficulties of their scholastic studies, and kept prompting them to persevere in well-doing, in order that they might finally gain those honours, of which talent and good conduct are every way deserving. Blessed has been the fate of those who, through all the changes and chances of existence, have been able to look back with gratification and exultation to that period of infancy when their footsteps were guided and their mind directed by a good mother. Hapless the condition of those whose recollections are not associated with such circumstances of pleasing remembrance! They have probably had many disagreeable obstacles to contend with; been subjected to many of those chills and misfortunes from which the arm of a fond mother could alone have shielded them.

Seeing that it is to the attention of mothers that children have frequently to attribute their success and happiness in life, it is a matter of deep importance that such attention should be substantially bestowed. Should the mother be unable to nurse her infant, she should at least spare no pains to compensate so great an evil by subsequent superintendence. No one can be expected to perform the duties attendant on moral training so well as herself. In doing so, and in watching over the growth of the juvenile mind, she must necessarily sacrifice many of her own pleasures and inclinations; but she is engaged in a solemn duty—the forming of the character of a human being; and this is a task which no conscientious parent can safely trifle with. No mother will be able to act her part satisfactorily who does not obtain a powerful hold on the affections of her child, as well as its respect for her admonitions. Having gained these points, others will be of comparatively easy attainment. We would say to mothers so circumstanced, commence by giving your children habits of strict cleanliness and propriety of behaviour. Do not scold or frighten them, or show any indulgence of partiality. Be gentle, yet firm, in manner, and accustom them to show kind and joyful looks for the attention bestowed upon them. While some children are encouraged to be pert and forward, others are so much dashed by neglect as to be perfectly sheepish and sulky when brought into the presence of strangers. These extremes are equally condemnable, and should be carefully avoided. You should take great care to impress on your children the conviction, that what you promise you will perform. If you say that they shall not have a thing, do not give it to them because they cry. When a child knows that it can get what it likes by crying, it soon learns to make use of its powers: crying becomes its engine of perpetual annoyance. It must, however, be taught self-denial, and be convinced that its will is not to be a law.

You cannot take sufficient pains to prevent your children taking up prejudices, antipathies, and superstitions. The human being seems to possess a natural disposition to destroy and to kill, which ought, if possible, to be suppressed; yet this is seldom done. They are allowed to perpetrate cruelties on insects and other kinds of animals, also to hate some and love others, and to assume prejudices which will adhere to them through life. “I think I may say (says John Locke, the author of the Treatise of the Human Understanding), that of all the men we meet with, nine parts of ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, by their education. It is that which makes the great difference in mankind. The little or almost insensible impressions on our tender infancies have very important consequences; and there it is, as in the fountains of rivers, where a gentle application of the hand turns the flexible waters into channels, that make them take quite contrary courses; and by this little direction given them at first in the source, they receive different tendencies, and arrive at last at very remote and distant places; imagine the minds of children as easily turned, this way or that, as water itself.”

Dugald Stewart, another philosophical writer, alludes to this subject, in relation to early education, as follows:—“A law of our nature, so mighty and so extensive in its influence, was surely not given to man in vain: manifold are the uses to which it may be turned in the hands of instructors, well-disposed, and well-qualified, humbly to co-operate with the obvious and unerring purposes of divine wisdom; positive and immense are the resources to be derived from it, in the culture and amelioration both of our intellectual and moral powers, in strengthening (for instance), by early habits of right thinking, the authority of reason and conscience, in blending with our best feelings the congenial and ennobling sympathies of taste and of fancy, and in identifying with the first workings of the imagination those pleasing views of the order of the universe, which are so essentially necessary to human happiness.

From the intimate and almost indissoluble combinations which we are led to form in infancy and early youth, may be traced many of our speculative errors; many of our most powerful principles of action; many perversions of our moral judgment; and many of those prejudices which mislead us in the conduct of life. By means of a judicious education, this susceptibility

of the infant mind might be rendered subservient, not only to moral improvement, but to the enlargement and multiplication of our capacities of enjoyment.

Our daily experience shows us how susceptible the tender mind is of deep impressions, and what permanent effects are produced on the character and happiness of individuals, by the casual associations formed in childhood among the various ideas, feelings, and affections, with which they were habitually occupied. If it be possible for the influence of fashion to veil the natural deformity of vice, and to give to low and criminal indulgences the appearances of spirit, of elegance, and of gaiety, can we doubt the possibility of connecting in the tender mind these pleasing associations with pursuits truly worthy and honourable?

By far the greater part of the opinions on which we act in life are not the result of our own investigations, but are adopted implicitly in infancy and youth upon the authority of others. When a child hears either a speculative absurdity, or an erroneous principle of action, recommended and enforced daily by the same voice which first conveyed to it those simple and sublime lessons of morality and religion which are congenial to its nature, is it to be wondered at that in future life it should find it so difficult to eradicate prejudices which have twined their roots with all the essential principles of the human frame?

Here, then, is perceived the necessity for preventing your children from acquiring erroneous opinions and prejudices, or fostering uncontrollable appetites for that which is injurious to their moral and intellectual welfare. But long and watchful must be your endeavours to banish the innate or acquired propensity to evil, and to cultivate benevolence and gentleness along with force of character. Half-a-dozen words uttered by an ignorant domestic, may in a moment plant a superstition or a prejudice, which not all your exertions, nor even the power of reason in after-life, will be able entirely to eradicate.

## A HYMN AT SUNSET AMONG THE ALPS.

Oh Thou who hast thine altar made  
On every mountain's brow;  
Whose temple is the forest's shade,  
Its arch, the forest bough;  
Thou hast ever listened when we prayed,  
And thou wilt hear us now.

Full kingly is thy royal grace  
On the wide world poured forth;  
From the sunny south, “in pride of place,”  
To the icy-girded north;  
The glorious beauty of thy face  
Doth shine upon the earth.

To each—to all—thy bounty flows  
Full, boundless, deep, and free;  
Thou hast flowers for earth, and stars for heaven,  
And gems for the blue sea;  
And for us our everlasting hills,  
And hearts which dauntless be.

More hast thou given, oh God! yet more  
Than our spirits true and bold;  
And our mighty mountain sentinels,  
Those watchers stern and old—  
The shadow of a glorious past  
Our memory doth enfold.

That little band of shepherd men  
Who left their flocks with Thee,  
And, strong in heart, went boldly forth  
To make our mountains free—  
Thy hand was with their steadfast worth,  
And they won the victory.

And they the saints of later time,  
Who dwell in places lone,  
And wandering exiles for their faith,  
Through toil and famine, fight and death  
Their martyr crowns have won—  
’Twas thou received their feeble breath  
And they sit beneath thy throne.

Forsake us not, but as of old  
So let our spirits be;  
And give us still the courage bold  
To keep our mountains free;  
And our ancestral faith to hold,  
Wherewith we worship thee.

The cattle on a thousand hills,  
The feeble and the small—  
We leave throughout the silent night,  
Nor fear lest harm befall;  
For thou who blessed the patriarch's store,  
Wilt guard and keep them all.

Praise from the mountain's lordly crest,  
Praise from the valley lone,  
For all our daily blessedness,  
For our bright ones who are gone,  
To thee, the mightiest, wisest, best,  
The great Eternal One!

—Scotsman, June 1835.

EDINBURGH: Published by William and Robert Chambers, 19, Waterloo Place; and Orr & Smith, Paternoster Row, London. Agents—John Macleod, 20, Argyle Street, Glasgow; George Young, Dublin; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Nova Scotia, and United States of America.

Complete sets of the work from its commencement, or numbers to complete sets, may at all times be obtained. Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half-year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, St Andrew Street; and printed at the Steam-press of W. and R. Chambers.



